

## GARDENERS DRESS UP REPORTS IN RACE FOR TIMES PRIZES

With the selection of prize winners in The Times' garden contest less than a week away, gardeners all over the city began putting the finishing touches on their reports today.

Records of gardens, showing just what profit or loss resulted, what truck was produced and the condition of the soil, are daily being received by H. M. Connolly, Department of Agriculture, expert, at his office in the Franklin School. Mr. Connolly urges that all contestants send in their records immediately, so that the gardens may be classified and compared before the actual judging commences next Thursday.

Mr. Connolly said today that some of the gardens entered in the contest so far surpassed others that many had been eliminated, and he added:

"The persons with prize-winning gardens will be the ones who had proper soil conditions, who carefully planned the garden and who gave it the needed care."

The four cash prizes of \$50, \$25, \$15, and \$10 will be awarded a few days after the judging. The prizes were offered by The Times in the spring to stimulate an interest in war-time gardening in the District.

## 'LUXURY' MAKERS MUST YIELD FIRST IN COAL SHORTAGE

Prompt action was taken by the Fuel Administration today to relieve serious coal shortages and stimulate production.

So-called "luxury industries" will be forced to wait for fuel until households and necessary industries are amply supplied.

Coal export to Canada has been put under license restriction. Tentative increases over the President's prices will be granted next week to certain bituminous mines with high costs.

An emergency bureau in Administrator Garfield's organization is arranging immediate relief for acute cases.

Home Comes First.

Serious though the situation is, Mr. Garfield is certain the country will pull through the winter without any shut-down of munitions plants or public utilities. Some "luxury industries" may be forced to close temporarily. He also announces his determination that no home shall freeze.

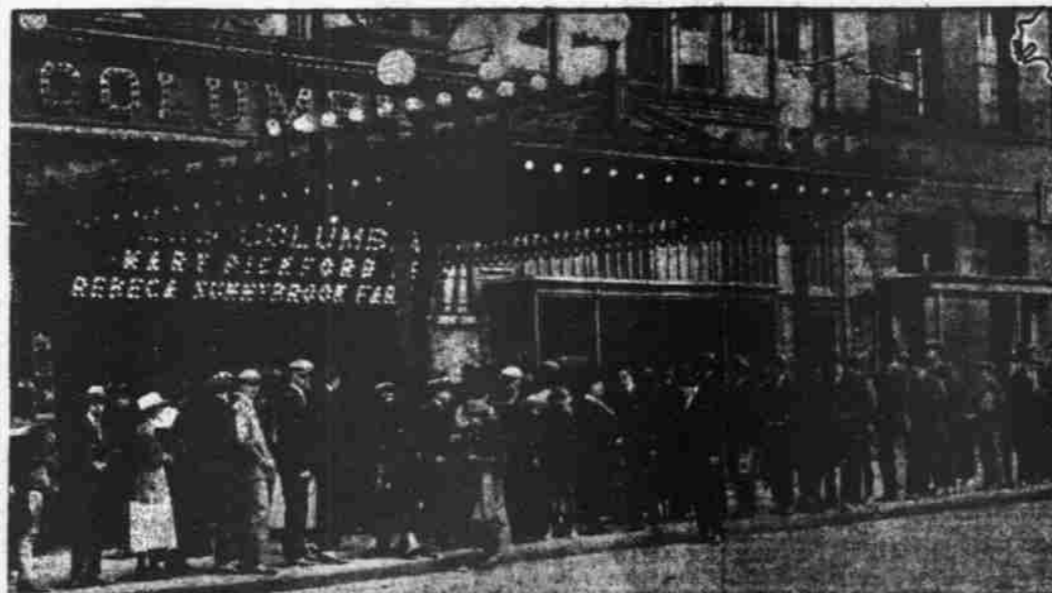
Investigation has revealed that some bituminous miners were unfairly scheduled in President Wilson's price fixing. These will be given tentative increases as soon as the President has approved new schedules drawn by the fuel administration and the Federal Trade Commission. These increases are designed to show the Government means to be fair to the operators, relieve uneasiness in the industry, and stimulate production.

An 8 per cent decrease in production for the week ended September 8 accentuated the shortage somewhat, but the falling off is believed due to the Labor Day holiday. Production to June 30 this year was the largest in the nation's history.

Plans Coal Stored.

It developed today that the Fuel Administration has discovered enormous storage of coal in many industries and mines. This caused a stampede among other industries having no reserve supply. To care for acute cases, Garfield's emergency bureau has been formed to work with Judge Lovett's priority board and the car service committee of the American Railway Association.

## Waiting to See Mary Pickford



Standing in line today waiting to see Miss Pickford. "A page advertisement in The Times caused this," says Mr. Lawrence Beatus, manager Loew's Columbia.

## DRACULA or The Vampire By Bram Stoker

One of the Most Thrilling Novels of the Age—Love, Mystery, Intrigue, Adventure, Mingled in a Gripping Serial. Read it in THE TIMES Every Day.

PART I—Continued.  
At once the wolves began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The horses jumped about and reared, and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a way painful to see; but the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side, and they had no force to remain within it. I called to the coachman to come, for it seemed to me that my only chance was to try to break out through the ring and to aid his approach. I shouted and beat the side of the calche, hoping by the noise to scare the wolves from that side, so as to give

him a chance of reaching the trap. How he came there, I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a tone of imperious command, and, looking towards the sound, saw him stand in the roadway. As he swept his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the moon, so that we were again in darkness.

When I could see again the driver was climbing into the calche, and the wolves had disappeared. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I was afraid to speak or move. The time seemed interminable as we swept on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the main always ascending. Suddenly I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

### THE DRIVER SHOWS HIS MARVELOUS STRENGTH.

5 May.—I must have been asleep, for certainly if I had been fully awake I must have noticed the approach of such a remarkable place. In the gloom the courtyard looked of considerable size, and as several dark ways led from it under great round arches it perhaps seemed bigger than it really is. I have not yet been able to see it by daylight.

When the calche stopped the driver jumped down, and held out his hand to assist me to alight. Again I could not but notice his prodigious strength. His hand actually seemed like a steel vice that could have crushed mine if he had chosen. Then he took out my traps and placed them on the ground beside me as I stood close to a great door, old and attuned with large iron nails, and set in a projecting doorway of massive stone. I could see even in the dim light that the stone was massively carved, but that the carving had been much worn by time and weather. As I stood, the driver jumped again into his seat and shook the reins; the horses started forward, and trap and all disappeared down one of the dark openings.

I stood in silence where I was, for I did not know what to do. Of bell or knocker there was no sign; through these frowning walls and dark window openings it was not likely that my voice could penetrate. The time I waited seemed endless, and I felt doubts and fears crowding upon me. What sort of place had I come to, and among what kind of people? What sort of grim adventure was it on which I had embarked? Was this a customary incident in the life of a solicitor's clerk sent out to explain the purchase of a London estate to a foreigner? Solicitor's clerk! Mina would not like that. Solicitor—for just before leaving London I got word that my examination was successful; and I am now a full-blown solicitor! I began to rub my eyes and pinch myself to see if I were awake. It all seemed like a horrible nightmare to me, and I expected that I should suddenly awake, and find myself at home, with the dawn struggling in through the windows, as I had now, and as I felt in the morning after a day of overwork. But my flesh answered the pinching test, and my eyes were not to be deceived. I was indeed awake and among the Carpathians. All I could do now was to be patient, and to wait the coming of the morning.

Just as I had come to this conclusion I heard a heavy step approaching behind the great door, and saw through the chinks the gleam of a coming light. Then there was the sound of rattling chains and the clanking of massive bolts drawn back. A key was turned with the loud grating noise of long disuse, and the great door was swung back.

### BID WELCOME BY STRANGE OLD MAN.

Within, stood a tall old man, clean shaven save for a long white moustache, and clad in black from head to foot, without a single speck of color about him anywhere. He held in his hand an antique silver lamp, in which the flame burned without chimney or globe of any kind, throwing long quivering shadows as it flickered in the draft of the open door. The old man motioned me in with his right hand with a courtly gesture, saying in excellent English, but with a strange intonation:

"Welcome to my house! Enter freely and of your own will!" He made no motion of stepping to meet me, but stood like a statue, as though his gesture of welcome had fixed him into stone. The instant, however, that I had stepped over the threshold, he

moved impulsively forward, and holding out his hand grasped mine with a strength which made me wince. An effect which was not lessened by the fact that it seemed as cold as ice—more like the hand of a dead than a living man. Again he said: "Welcome to my house. Come freely. Go safely, and leave something of the happiness you bring!" The strength of the handshake was so much akin to that which I had noticed in the driver, whose face I had not seen, that for a moment I doubted if it were not the same person to whom I was speaking; so to make sure, I said interrogatively: "Count Dracula?" He bowed in a courtly way as he replied:

"I am Dracula. And I bid you welcome, Mr. Harker, to my house. Come in, the night air is chill, and you must need to eat and rest." As he was speaking he put the lamp on a bracket on the wall, and stepping out, took my luggage, he had carried it in before I could forestall him. I protested but he insisted:

"Nay, sir, you are my guest. It is late, and my people are not available. Let me see to your comfort myself." He insisted on carrying my traps along the passage, and then up a great winding stair, and along a great passage, on whose stone floor our steps rang heavily. At the end of this he threw open a heavy door, and I rejoiced to see within a well-lit room in which a table was spread for supper, and on whose mighty hearth a great fire of logs, freshly replenished, flamed and flared.

The count halted, putting down my bags, closed the door, and crossing the room, opened another door, which led into a small octagonal room lit by a single lamp, and seemingly without a window of any sort. Passing through this he opened another door, and motioned me to enter. It was a welcome sight, for here was a great bedroom well lighted and warmed with another log fire—also added to but lately for the top logs were fresh—which sent a hollow roar up the wide chimney. The count himself left my luggage inside and withdrew, saying before he closed the door:

"You will need, after your journey, to refresh yourself by making your toilet. I trust you will find all you wish. When you are ready come into the other room, where you will find your supper prepared."

### FEARS DISSIPATED BY COURTEOUS TREATMENT.

The light and warmth and the count's courteous welcome seemed to have dissipated all my doubts and fears. Having then reached my normal state, I discovered that I was half famished with hunger; so making a hasty toilet, I went into the other room.

Don't miss the next installment, which will appear in tomorrow's Sunday Times.

### ARABS FROM DESERT SEEK QUARTERS HERE

Quarters for the twenty Arabs who will be here for the week of September 24 with the "Garden of Allah" company are being sought by the management of the National Theater and the advance agent of the theatrical company. The latter has been scouring the city for two or three days in behalf of these dark-skinned "sons of the desert."

Of the thirty-six Arabs in the company, sixteen are Americanized, but the remaining twenty cannot speak English. The Americanized element of the troupe will be able to find rooms for themselves, but the other twenty depend on their management.

There are 110 people in the "Garden of Allah" production, including the Arabs and a working crew of nineteen carpenters, electricians, and others.

The un-Americanized Arabs will have all their food prepared by Ben Tata, the troupe chef. The meat is served in true Arabian style, and no good member of this aggregation would think of eating cuts not prepared by Ben Tata.

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## ROSH HASHANAH SERVICE TO GREET JEWISH YEAR 5678

Throughout the world, beginning tomorrow evening, Rosh Hashanah, or the Jewish New Year 5678, will be celebrated for two days by orthodox Jews.

Rosh Hashanah not only marks a period of time, but also designates a thorough change in the character of the individual or creature. It is the day designed for introspection and self-examination. Everyone is bidden to meditate upon his past deeds and to look carefully into his spiritual condition.

Exuberant services will be held at the Adath Israel Synagogue. The Rev. A. Shefferman will officiate. On Monday Rabbi Benjamin A. Grossman will preach on "A New Year Message to a Troubled Humanity." On Tuesday he will preach on "God's Deepest Longing and Its Realization."

Rabbi Louis Stern will officiate at the services at the Eighth Street Temple. Simon, of the Washington Hebrew Congregation, will preach Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock on "A New Heaven and a New Earth." On Tuesday morning at 10 o'clock he will speak on the subject, "A Review of the Year."

### PEALE ON COAL BOARD.

Rembrandt Peale, a Pennsylvania coal mine owner, today was appointed representative of the coal operators on Fuel Administrator Garfield's advisory board. This completes the advisory organization. John P. White, miners' representative on the board, will leave today for Indianapolis to launch a campaign for increased production by the miners, to settle local strikes in heavy coal fields, and to arrange for the way increase conference with operators in the central bituminous fields.

### WANTS \$25,000 FROM D. C. FOR BROKEN LEG

The District of Columbia was sued for \$25,000 in the District Supreme Court today by James M. Carper for personal injuries alleged to have been sustained March 12, 1917, when he was struck by one of the District automobiles. As a result of the accident Carper states that he suffered a broken leg.

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